

The Married-mans best Portion:

Or,

A new Song plainly setting forth the Excellency, and incomparable Worth of a good Wife, as also how much Happiness doth continually attend upon that Man that enjoys her.

To the Tune of, *Fancies Phoenix.*



A Woult those worldly Tores, of which
Men equally may have their Share,
Whereof the Poor as well as Rich
most commonly possessors are:
The greatest happiness I find,
Is that which comes from Women kind:
There is no comfort in this life,
Like to a constant loving Wife.

A virtuous woman doth excel
the richest Treasure of the Earth,
Wh' who can find her parallel.
or fully set her praises forth:
She is a Phoenix very rare,
She is a Jewel past compare.
There is no comfort, &c.

That man is happy in his choice
who unto such a one is tied,
He may with cheerfulness repose,
because that he so well hath sped.

He hath his portion with the best,
that with a virtuous wife is blest,
There is no comfort, &c.

How sweet a sight it is to see,
a married Pair so truly joy'n'd
In perfect love, that though there be
two Persons, yet there's but one mind:
Such Couples do enjoy content,
And in true peace their lives are spent.
There is no comfort, &c.

A virtuous woman evermore
her husbands pleasure doth fulfill,
She treasures up his love in store,
and alwaies strives to do his will,
She gives content to what he says,
When he commands, then she obeys.
There is no comfort in this life,
Like to a constant loving Wife.

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He fleeth not abroad to roame,
Amongst the Gossips idle Crewe,
But careful is, and stays at home,
With diligence her work to do,
Her Family she will direct,
And give her husband due respect.
There is no comfort in this life,
Like to a constant loving wife.

Shee's wary, and shee's provident;
and often saves what others loose,
By right forecasting the event.
She well both know which way to chuse,
Accordingly her course she steeres,
And daily orders her affairs.
There is no comfort, &c.

If that her husband fault both find
with any thing that is amisse,
As soon as ere she knows his mind,
She rests not till it mended is,
His love both all her pains requite,
And in the same she takes delight.
There is no comfort, &c.

When he with sickness is oppress'd,
or any ways cast down with grief,
She suffers not her heart to rest,
till she hath gain'd him some relief:

When he doth mourne, then she is sad,
When he rejoices, she is glad.
There is no comfort, &c.

If sometimes for a little space,
his business calls him forth from home,
She greatly longs to see his face,
and often wishes he would come:
His presence gives her full content,
His absence she doth much lament.
There is no comfort, &c.

She will not vary in the least
from what at first she seem'd to be,
Her constancy shall be encrease,
but not diminish'd one degree;
Her husband she hath vot'd to love,
And she to him will faithful prove.
There is no comfort, &c.

Thus having set before your eyes,
In Characters right plain to read,
A virtuous womans qualities,
I wish you now even well to speed,
Chuse such a wife and you shall see,
My words will all fulfill'd be.
There is no comfort in this life,
Like to a constant loving wife.